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negation of the mere external alone is the determinate form and figure of the internal, a bringing out of that substantial contents or (what is substantially contained therein) in the manifestation of perception and idea.

#### NIAGARA VISITED IN AUTUMN.

HERE in great Nature's gorgeous fane we stand  
Where grand libation endlessly is poured,  
And incense soars aloft forevermore :  
Th' Almighty King the offering receives,  
And on the rising cloud of homage hangs  
His bow of promise and of grace.  
How fair and gladdening (as a dream of love  
And of the pure, fond bliss of childhood's hour  
To the mind torn and tortured by stern grief  
And vexed by sullen gusts of wild despair),  
Shines near the foaming, furious cataract  
This promise writ in rich-hued beams of light !  
Here swells in Nature's temple through all years  
Her hymn of praise, while sound the thunder-tones  
Of her great organ builded not by man,  
Shaking the bases and the rock-reared walls.

The rich, dark evergreens, with icy fringe  
Hang sparkling now beside the dread abyss.  
They seem like a swarthy queen in jewelled gear,  
With divers prized and fond attendants by,  
As Cleopatra decking for the step  
Adown the fearful steeps of death to realms  
Of mist and shades.

How beautiful yon grove  
In all the wildness and the majesty  
Of Nature's primitive growth ! Rich mosses wrapt  
Around the noble trunks are velvety  
In colors brightened and bedewed with spray.  
The tiny flower which blooms upon the sod,  
Like it, is freshened in the flying mists  
Which breathe their welcome day-dews thro' these trees ;  
And hence, we, charmed with matchless beauty, learn  
True greatness hath a ministry of love,  
E'en for the humble and obscure, as for  
The gorgeous and the stately in their hour  
Of need and décadence.

Yon beetling cliffs  
Which dark and dizzy, rise above the flood,  
Adorned with crimson, pendent trees like vines,  
Graceful and young, are types of strength,  
The glorious architecture of a hand  
Divine and infinite in power. And here  
Below this falling sheet, where foams the flood  
With ceaseless roar and ever furious gusts  
Of rack and wind ; in this dim cave  
The poet well might feign the genius fair  
Of this enchanting, gorgeous spot had shone  
At twilight when no other eye beheld ;  
As beamed the bright nymph thro' the sparkling spray  
Unto the eye of Manfred 'mid the wild,  
Th' embodied rich-hued glory of the scene.

If here the spirit of the Indian brave  
Dwelleth amid the flying mist of the mad  
And fearful cataract (its *grander* traits  
Conspiring in his stern, ethereal shape);\*

Forth from the poet's imaged sprite doth glow  
The light, the hues, the fresh, eternal charm  
Of waters and of rocks, and moss and flowers,  
Of sun-bows and of foam-washed crystals clear,  
The sparkle and the rich and bloomy grace  
Which in the *lovelier* features of the scene  
Adorn the spot as Nature's glorious shrine.  
This noble gem of scenic beauty set  
Upon the swelling breast of Earth hath too  
Its fair and delicate chasings as surroundings meet.

1859.

REV. G. HUNTINGTON.

#### BROUWER, THE VAGABOND ARTIST.

(Translated for THE CRAYON from the German of STEINBERG.)

It is not an account of his pictures—and our Dresden Gallery has six of them, all scenes in the lowest grades of life—but because they are types of his own vagabond existence, that we include the name of Adrian Brouwer in the list of representative artists.

He was the son of a poor day-laborer, in the little hamlet of Oudenaarde, in Flanders, who had died young, leaving his widow and the mother of one boy to gain her own livelihood. This she chiefly effected by the skill of Adrian, who designed patterns of brilliant birds and flowers for caps and hoods then worn by the peasantry. These the mother would dispose of in the market-place and at the fairs. The trade was not large, but it sufficed to furnish the lad with a new Sunday frock, a pair of shoes, and a pretty book of psalmody. The parent rejoiced to have in a son everything that could be desired.

One morning he sat before the door of the cot sketching a bird that chanced to be pluming itself opposite. Franz Hals, the painter, passing by, noticed the youth, and glancing over his shoulder at his work, was so pleased with it, that he engaged the lad in conversation, and discovered his lively wit and joyous turn of mind. "Would you like to learn to paint with me, my lad?" asked the artist. The boy assented. "Then come, you shall be my pupil." The mother was overjoyed, and produced a multitude of the caps and hoods for the artist's inspection, who gave them but a passing glance, much more intent upon the arrangements necessary for the lad's future, which were now soon made; and the young Adrian left his native village, and followed his master to Harlem.

Hals was a man who knew how to turn his art to pecuniary advantage; but lazy withal himself, he made his pupils work, while the alehouse and the gambler's hole claimed most of his time. He did not hesitate to dispose of his scholars' work as his own, and his pockets were in this way kept in needful repletion.

\* Red Jacket, chief of the Senecas, is said to have expressed a belief that his spirit, after death, would linger about the Falls of Niagara.

The famous Adrian von Ostade was at this time a fellow pupil with Brouwer, and they soon entered into terms of intimate friendship. Hals was quick to discover that there was nothing to his advantage in this bond of union with the young men, and made it a point to raise a barrier between them. To Brouwer was assigned a miserable apartment on the ground-floor of the house, where eight hours in the day he was separated from his companions, and forced at his labor with almost fatal deprivations. His master visited him thrice a day, to keep an eye upon his work, and assiduously took off what was finished, only to set new canvases before him. If the picture was not completed at the given period, hunger was his doom; and many a time he passed two days of abstinence in succession, until so weakened in body he had scarce the power to hold his pencil. How different a few months before was his dream of a painter's life! But a change was at hand.

Ostade found opportunity to visit the poor youth in his solitude. "Brouwer," said he, "know'st thou thy pictures are sought in Amsterdam; that they bring high prices, and thy master pockets the money?" A new horizon opened to the youth's ambition. He seized his friend's arm. "Adrian, help me! help me in my need! and as sure as God lives thou shalt be repaid." "I! Brouwer, what are you thinking of? What is it to encounter the enmity of our master; and then his wife, our mistress! No, think of no such thing!"

Poor Brouwer! left alone once more in his despair. But the thought that his pictures were sought for, did not leave him wholly friendless. Could Hals have given out for his own, such pictures as were wholly beyond his range as a portrait painter? as, for instance, "The Five Senses," or "The Four Seasons." O, that Ostade had more pluck! But fly he could and fly he did. It was not of much use, however. Crest-fallen and in his tattered garments he was dragg'd out from behind the altar of a church where he had bidden, and conducted back to his master. The man knew enough of his own interests to offer conciliatory measures, and tried to obtain that obedience by flattery, which he could hardly hope to make serviceable by compulsion. He gave him a new coat and a modish hat. Better food and more of it was sent to his chamber; and the poor lad again returned to his work, but it seemed like the labor of a galley slave. He meditated another escape, but he kept his talk discreet. He counted on its success; and was not disappointed, for it brought him to Amsterdam.

Here we find him next dwelling with a certain picture-dealer, who, strange to say, seems to have been an honest man, who proffered his guest good advice, and took no advantage of his inexperience. Adrian soon made the acquaintance of several connoisseurs, and to one he sold a picture, in which he had delineated a gambler in an alehouse. His good host advised the joyous painter to put such a price upon the picture as the expectant youth had never dreamed of; even one half as much, seemed to him exorbitant. The full sum was, however, paid, the painter heard himself

called modest; and with a bewilderment of joy he saw a hundred ducats counted down to him—a larger sum than he had ever seen before. With childish exultation he spread the coin upon the tables, and danced about it in his excitement, and with so loud shouts that the whole household rushed to his chamber. Happy had it been for Brouwer if he could have given his treasure into the keeping of his good host, and demanded but at times what was only essential for his livelihood. Instead of this the intoxicated youth rushed madly to pot-house after pot-house, until all the revellers of Amsterdam knew him as a boon companion. He drank and played, danced and dawdled, and in ten days not a penny remained. He made determination upon determination to amend his ways; but play proved his bane. He won—he lost. A brilliant success for a few days—and then hunger. The bottle, or still more, the Flemish beer-can, was too irresistible. Days were passed in miserable taverns in play, in brawls, in dawdling with the peasant-girls. Sought out by his friends, only to be found stupefied with his cups, they repeatedly took him to his home, despoiled of his dress, his hat and coat changed by his entrappers for a worse.

The fashion of his dress was a thing for which he had at best but little care. His whole vesture, often hung by a single button, and it was a common sport of his companions to deprive it of even so small a stay. Brought up to the life of a peasant, he never seemed to outgrow their slovenly habits; and his friends only got him to a pardonable state of body by holding him in his stupidity beneath the spout. Such was he, and even as such was he the object of the great Rubens's admiration, which bespeaks some intrinsic worth, assuredly.

As a painter Brouwer's themes were not such as would suit the fastidious; but in his own department of art we must award him high position. No one, not even Teniers, Mieris, Metzu, the two Breughel, all painters of like subjects, had the boldness, the freshness, or the originality of Brouwer. His *Lise*, says a French critic, live. It is a cheerless taste eternally to paint mere caricatures, but if attempted they should be inimitable, and such were Brouwer's. Take his broad-mouthed tipplers, his tattered, half-drunken huckster-women, and nature herself seems counterparted. Look at that picture in our own gallery of a boor washing a child—so true to life.

To return to his career. Once it happened that he was waylaid by a horde of robbers that the warlike times had engendered, and plundered of his clothes. It was a gala-day in the adjoining village, and it did not suit his caprice to enter it in his beggar's plight. With a couple of groschen which he had left, he purchased a piece of coarse linen, and fitting it to him with ample and gentlemanly folds, he painted it in imitation of the costly garments then in vogue with the nobility, which were most gorgeous with flowers. Donning this bedizened attire, he entered the astonished village with a grave step. He kept somewhat aloof from the inquisitive gaze, for he had excellent reasons that the garb of

the famous stranger should not be too closely inspected. The crowd were not long content to remain so distant, and being pressed too warmly, one wag concluded to put an end to his joke; and, leaping upon a barrel, he wiped off his splendor with one swoop of a sponge, amid the laughter of the villagers.

Not long after he happened to procure a veritable velvet dress, and some haughty people, who had despised him in his peasant caste, were now anxious that the renowned painter, in his splendid attire, should grace their feast. He went; but soon took occasion to dip an end of his garment in a dish of fat gravy, and coolly to besmear the whole of it from collar to skirt. To the surprise his fellow-guests manifested, he only answered, that since his coat had procured him the invitation, it was but just that it should have the first and better part of the feast.

Afterward, when he left Amsterdam to go to Antwerp, he was taken for a spy in the latter city, and incarcerated. The unsettled state of the times had furthered this result. Among the prisoners in the citadel was the Duke of Ahrenberg, and to him Brouwer made himself known, asking his protection. The duke was a patron of Art, and the name of our prisoner was not wholly unknown to him, and he congratulated himself on finding a clever fellow so near a neighbor in his misfortune. A little sketch of a group of soldiers drinking, which Brouwer had made from his cell-grating, pleased the duke; and one day, when Rubens was visiting him, he showed it to that painter, who was not wholly ignorant of Brouwer's reputation. Through the interposition of the famous Rubens, our unfortunate artist was soon released from his confinement, and found in the house of his deliverer a welcome home. Brouwer's nature, unluckily, did not allow him to take so favorable an opportunity for starting on a more honorable career. The polish and conventionality of such society as Rubens gathered in his house, had nothing in it attractive to our Vagabond-Artist; and, unpardonably, without a word of gratitude, he left the fireside and protection of his best friend.

Brouwer was at this time twenty years old. Not ill looking by nature, his habits were fast working his bodily ruin. He gave himself up more and more to debauchery, spent his time in drinking rivals under the table, and in challenging new ones to the same vulgar test.

At this period he first became known to Joseph Groesbecke, a baker by trade, who had turned artist, and exercised his pencil on subjects of burlesque. They were twin spirits, seen forever arm-in-arm, going the round of all the beer-cellars in town. Groesbecke had, moreover, a pretty wife, and Brouwer paid her court, but without avail. He nevertheless perplexed his friend with a bragging air and with winks of recognition toward his wife. The poor man of course grew jealous, and was bent on ascertaining the truth. He painted a monstrous wound on his breast, and threw himself with all the anguish of a dying man on a couch. A bloody shirt and a knife at hand seemed to point to an assault of robbers. His wife rushed at his cry to the chamber,

dropped in her consternation upon his breast, and by the outpouring of her grief he assured himself of her faithfulness.

Finally, with a determination to better his condition, Brouwer removed to Paris; but there he experienced the mortification of a want of appreciation; his pictures were exposed without success; and, poorer than ever, he returned to Antwerp, only to find his friend, Groesbecke, under the suspicion of the police, and to receive a warning to quit the place himself. So again he fled; but once more craving the protection of Rubens, he ventured back, only to sicken soon after, and to find a pallet of straw in a public hospital, where he died in his thirty-second year. Rubens learned his fate too late, and could only cause him to have decent burial in Whitefriars' Church.

Such was the life of our Vagabond-Artist.

He left no pupil except Gonzales, Coques, and Groesbecke. All the galleries of Europe contain his pictures; and none other are better of their kind than these little canvases of boor and ale-house life.

The Christian standard of Art is one of expression. No matter what forms an artist chooses, we always look to his countenances in order to apprehend the spirit of that which he strives to embody. Christian artists have sometimes availed themselves of nude forms, but never so as to satisfy an audience of any magnitude or authority unless these nude forms were dominated by true and powerful expression. Raphael, for instance, executed pagan and Christian subjects, but who judges of his qualifications as an artist, or the value of his Art, by his mythological subjects? Who considers the Galatea superior to the St. Cecilia? Besides, a fine and sensitive nature may treat an inferior subject appropriately when another would fail entirely. Christian Art did not abandon nude forms solely on account of expression; it repudiated them on account of their immoral associations. Any one familiar with pagan history can understand this. Christianity exacted of its artists the draping of the figure through its moral instinct, and the proof of the wisdom of this condition is apparent in the superior dignity and beauty of draped figures; no renaissance arguments can establish a contrary verdict; it is, in fact, a principle which the ancients themselves illustrate, for the finest statues that have come down to us from antiquity are those which are partially draped. What nude statue surpasses the Venus of Milo? To reverse the moral order of Art is a dangerous experiment for any artist, and one that a wise community will not tolerate. It implies a radical defect on the part of the artist who does it; the community instinctively feels the impropriety of such art, although unable to explain it, and when not blinded by sophistry or policy, justly repudiates it.

MANY seem to consider a taste for luxury as involved in a taste for knowledge, and bring against the latter objections which belong, if they apply at all, to the former. Mere refinement, apart from correspondent means, may not be very desirable; but is totally distinct from enlargement of views, which can never, under any circumstances, be of itself injurious.—*Chulow.*